

The Litchfield Enquirer

Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

Vol. XXXV.—No. 29.

LITCHFIELD, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1859.

Whole No. 1797.

Litchfield Enquirer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
JAMES HUMPHREY, JR.
AT THE ENQUIRER BUILDING
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM:
In advance, by carrier, and single
copies, in advance, by mail, \$1 50
In advance, by mail, and single
copies, in advance, by mail, 1 25
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Elm Park Collegiate Institute, (FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.) LITCHFIELD, Conn.

UNDER the management of the Rev. JAMES
RICHARDS, D.D., assisted by JAMES RICHARDS,
Jr., A.B., a graduate of Princeton College, New Jer-
sey, and WALTER BURGESS, Esq., late instructor in the
Government School of Denmark.
Every advantage is afforded under the present ar-
rangements for obtaining a substantial, useful and
accomplished education. Mr. Richards has full com-
mand of the English, French and German languages,
and an experience of eight or ten years as a teacher
of youth. The twelfth term of this school will open
on the 1st of November. Twenty pupils will be re-
ceived into the family of the Principal, and will be
under the kind and constant supervision of the in-
structors. For circulars, address
DR. RICHARDS, Principal.

TESTIMONIALS OF WERNER BJERG, Esq., Teacher of French and German, Mathematics and Natural Sciences in the Elm Park Institute:

We the undersigned do hereby certify that the re-
quest of Mr. W. Bjerg, that the progress of the stu-
dents under his care as teacher in the Government's
school at St. Croix is more than sufficient proof of
Mr. B.'s capability, and also an argument on his
carefulness and power.
Christiansted, St. Croix, April, 1859.
J. G. STRANDHOLM, 1st Teacher.
H. W. F. DE SILVA, 2d Teacher.
M. J. B. RICHARDS, Esq., Principal.

The above is a correct copy of the original certi-
ficate. New York, August 17, 1859.
H. BRAUN.

At the request of Mr. W. Bjerg I now take
pleasure in certifying that said Mr. B. (at present
tutor in the public school at Christiansted, St.
Croix), in his function as such I have always found
him to be fully able to fill the duties imposed upon
him with true accuracy and zeal; his good quali-
ties must not doubt be a prime key for him in any
path he may select in life, and my best wishes at-
tend him.
Christiansted, St. Croix, November, 1858.
A. AUGUSTUS, Lutheran Pastor at St. Croix.

The undersigned concur in every respect with the
above testimonial.
JAMES RICHARDS,
Director of the Burgher Council, St. Croix, Cham-
berlain.

The undersigned having the pleasure of knowing
Mr. Bjerg as an instructor and highly qualified
young man, therefore must also agree with the fore-
going recommendations.
Christiansted, St. Croix, November, 1858.
F. MOLLER, Captain.

The above are correct copies of the original certi-
ficates. New York, August 17, 1859.
H. BRAUN.

References in the city of New York—O. W. C.
SONACK, Esq., 39 William street and E. W. D.
Beaver street, New York.

WINTER SCHOOL.

ELM PARK, LITCHFIELD.
THE Winter Term of Five Months will com-
mence on Tuesday November 1st,
when pupils will be received, and their names en-
tered. On Wednesday, the Exercises of the Session
will commence under an able Corps of Instructors.
JAMES RICHARDS,
Litchfield, Oct. 24, 1859. 47-27

Milton Academy.

THE WINTER SESSION of this institution will
commence on the 6th of December and con-
tinue fourteen weeks, under charge of Rev. George
J. Harrison.
There will be a primary department taught by
Mrs. Harriet Kilbourne.
Instruction will be given upon the Melodeon if
desired.
Milton, Oct. 10, 1859. 25-3w

Woodbury Female Academy.

Miss Clara C. Vail, Principal.
THE FOURTH TERM of this Institute will
commence on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, 1859, and
continue sixteen weeks.
Instruction will be given in the common and
higher branches of English Literature, Mathemat-
ics, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, Music and
Calligraphy. Every pains will be taken to render
the School worthy of public patronage.
Board can be obtained in the vicinity of the
School on reasonable terms.
Circulars will be furnished for further informa-
tion by applying to the Principal or either of the
officers of the Institution.
ANTHONY C. STONE, President.
BENNETT A. SHEPARD, Trustees.
SETH STROGO,
H. W. SNOW, Secretary.
Woodbury, Conn., Oct. 31, 1859. 28-3w

F. D. BEEMAN, Attorney and Counselor at
Law. Also, Commissioner of Deeds for the
States of New York and South Carolina. Office in
Seymour's Building, South street, Litchfield, Conn.

REMOVAL.

T. H. RICHARDS has removed to the Store
Two Doors East of his Old Stand, and will
open this week with
A large Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS and CAPS—
All Cheap for Cash or good Produce.
Litchfield, Sept. 26. 23

THE MISSES ROWLEY.

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of the
Ladies of Litchfield and vicinity, to their
new Selection of
FALL and WINTER MILLINERY,
comprising whatever is new and desirable for the
Season—Also—Woolen Hoods, Embroideries, Velvets, Gloves,
Toys, &c. Mourning Hats always on hand, and
made to order at short notice.
Particular attention paid to DRESS-MA-
KING.
Litchfield, Sept. 27, 1859. 3m-28

BERTHALDE REIMER'S VOICE.

"That'll do, wife—that'll do; it's not a
very cold night," Karl Reimer said with a
sigh; and his wife, looking a little sadly for a
moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of
wood with which she meant to replenish the
half-burnt embers on the hearth. Returning to
her chair she sat down in silence by her
husband's side.

"Your work has not made you hungry to-
night, Karl," she said, presently with an ef-
fort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced
at a little table standing near, on which a
very homely supper of brown German bread
and sour milk in a thick curd lay scarcely
tasted.

"Hungry enough, wife," was the quiet an-
swer.

There was a pause. The woman, stooping
forward, laid her hand upon her shoulder, and
said gently:
"We must keep a good heart, husband—
While we have good wholesome food, and a
roof to cover us, we have no right to com-
plain; many a one is worse off than we to-
night!"

"Ay, to-night—it is not to-night I'm think-
ing of," Karl muttered, and suddenly rousing
himself, he stretched out and cautiously bent
and unbent his left arm, clenching his hand
while, like one trying its strength; then
shaking his head with a deep sigh, he let it
fall again by his side, and resumed his former
attitude.

"It is rest that you want," his wife said
soothingly. "You have been working too
hard these two or three months."

"No," he answered despondingly, "no rest
would bring back strength to this arm. It is
not overwork that has brought on the weak-
ness. Wife, look here," and a sickly smile
came over his lips, as, clenching his hand again,
he turned it to her. "Look—a child might
open it. Try you" (her first effort unclasped
his fingers.) "I thought so," he said bitterly.
And again they were both silent. There
were tears in Madame Reimer's eyes, and she
held the weakened hand closely in hers.

"It might have been the right hand. Be-
thankful, Karl," she said softly, in a little
while.

"I am thankful; but if it gets worse, if it
becomes useless, I should have to give up the
work; what's to become of us all?—what's
to become, all through her life, of that poor—"

"Hush! hush, Karl! it will not come to
that—we can work for her yet—it is all in
God's hands."

There was a few minutes' pause. Then Karl
spoke again, in a passionate, though subdued
voice:—
"She may be a beggar next month, for
aught we know. When I can't work any longer,
what is there for the whole of us but beg-
gary?" A momentary flush spread over his
brow; but, as it passed away, he proudly
raised his head, and shaking back his thick
hair, crept on tiptoe to the bed, and knelt
down on the floor beside it. As he bent over
the sleeping child, a look of deep pitying, and
tender love softened his rugged features. Softly
and tenderly he pressed his rough hand
upon the child's uncovered head; drew
aside a curl of her long hair that hid her face;
and, stooping down, pressed his lips in a long
silent kiss upon her pale thin cheek. She lay
quite still, with her eyes closed, and her
breathing low and quick.

"How pale she is!" Madame Reimer whis-
pered; for she had followed her husband, and
stood now with her hands leaning on his arm,
and her eyes fixed upon her child.

The little face was as still and white as if it
had been carved in marble. For an instant
Karl glanced upwards to his wife, and a look
of sudden alarm and pain passed over him—
a quick look, which seemed to flash for a mo-
ment from his dark piercing eyes; then, as it
died away, he turned round to the little bed
again, and laid his head beside his child's upon
the pillow, not speaking any thing aloud, al-
though his lips moved.

"May the holy Virgin bless her!" Mad-
ame Reimer whispered in the silence.

"Amen!" Karl breathed in his deep, low
voice; and with one other kiss he rose from
his knees. "We will go to bed now; tread
softly, wife—softly," he said, as together they
moved away.

But when the door was closed, and all was
still, then, in the darkness and the silence,
large tears began to steal through the closed
lids of Berthalde's eyes; for she had heard all
that her loved one had said to keep from her.
She had heard many fears of late; her father
had seemed changed and sorrowful; and, long-
ing to know what thing it was that grieved
him, she thought it no sin to listen. Now
that she did know, the child could only weep,
and sob sorrowfully to herself.

"O, that I could do anything to help them! O,
that I could work! O, that I was not blind!"

Berthalde was so patient and so gentle, that
she could feel no deep or keen regret for the
loss of that which yet had made her life al-
most a blank to her. Others thought she had

grown accustomed to blindness; that she had
forgotten what it was to see. But that was
the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet
full of a wild, deep sadness unutterably beau-
tiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream, too
beautiful to have been. Often in the long, si-
lent nights she lay awake, and thought of it,
weeping then when she was all alone, as she
was weeping now to night; but to-night an-
other, and a different thought was in her heart
—a thought which many a time had risen
there before; but never with the strength and
bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay
awake, she thought that there was not one
thing in all the world that she could ever do
to help or comfort any one she loved; that she
must be all through her life until she was quite
old, a burden upon every one—a useless, help-
less, solitary thing, not giving joy to any, nor
feeling joy herself. Thinking this, the poor
child longed to die; and, shivering, drew up
the bedclothes round her, hiding her face be-
neath them, that the bitter sobs which burst
from her might not be heard breaking the si-
lence of the night. For in this hour there
seemed no comfort near her; all dark with-
out, within it seemed as dark; the love that
had been poured upon her through so many
years was all forgotten now, she could not feel
that she was loved; her whole heart seemed to
have room in it only for one thought—that
she was an encumbrance upon the earth.

Piercing through the richly painted win-
dows of a dim old church the winter's sun
threw on the marble pavement of the nave
bright rays of light, making the gloom on ei-
ther side seem deeper still. From the altars,
waxen tapers shed on the gold and silver plate
around, on the gay vases filled with flowers,
and on the rich, gold-embroidered dresses of
the priests, a sudden radiance.

In the open space without the rails of the
High Altar many people knelt; for it was a
festival day, and Mass was being perform-
ed. There was a daily mass, but then the peo-
ple were so much absorbed in their worldly
occupations that the mass was often solemn-
ized on week-days to empty walls. A child
had slowly and softly threaded her way across
the nave to take up her station alone at the
foot of one particular pillar in the chancel.
Daily, for hours together, she sat in the same
spot, as still as if she were a little marble
column. Few noticed her, and few came near
her, for the pillar stood in deep shade, and
she was almost hidden when she sat beneath
it. It was a dark and gloomy seat, but the
most cheerful spot in all the church would
have been as dark to poor Berthalde.

To-day there were marks of tears upon her
cheeks. Still she waited patiently to hear
the glorious voice of the organ, which always
spoke to her. It seemed of all the things upon
earth the most beautiful. She thought it
never would begin to play to-day. But at last
she heard the first low swelling notes; and, as
she listened, drinking in the rich, heart-filling
sound, all sorrow seemed to pass away, all
earthly things seemed to be forgotten. As the
exquisite music crept around her—now soft,
faint, and low, now loud and deep, rolling
wave upon wave along the great groined
aisles—she knelt and hid her face, weeping.
Her heart trembled with a strange, wild, half-
understood delight that only cathedral music
afforded her.

Never had the grand and solemn music
more grand and solemn than it did to-
day. As the rich tones of the organ filled
the solemn space around her, and the soft
voices of the choristers rang through the dimly-
lighted aisles, and as one solitary voice filled
the great echoing church with its clear tones,
the blind girl bowed her head upon her hands,
trembling with a wild, almost painful joy, that
seemed to take her breath away. So shaken
was she with emotion, that the thin slight fin-
gers scarcely served to hide her tears. Even
when the last notes had quite died away; when
the last lingering footsteps had left the
church, she knelt on, as if still, in the silent
aisle, she heard an echo of the song that to all
other ears had passed away. Presently two
light footsteps gaily tripped along the marble
floor, and the sound of merry voices and half-
suppressed laughter, roused her from her
dream. She crouched upon the steps at the
pillar's base, thinking to wait there until the
footsteps had gone past. But suddenly they
stopped quite close to her, and a bright young
voice exclaimed—

"Oh, see how stupid I have been! I have
come down without my music. Margaret, you
must wait for me one minute, till I run back
for it. They are closing the organ. I shall
be scarcely in time!" and with the last words,
leaving her companion, the girl ran quickly to-
wards the choir.

"They are some of the singers!" Berthal-
de thought within herself, and her heart beat
with almost a reverential feeling. "How hap-
py they must be, how very happy!" For a
moment more the tears sprang up into her
eyes, for suddenly, the girl that stayed behind
began, as she paced up and down, softly to
sing a low, sweet melody. Berthalde remem-
bered it at once; it was the *Agnus Dei* of the
lately finished mass.

A second time there were steps and voices
coming near—slow steps, unlike the first, and
the singer's voice was hushed as a new voice,
rich, sweet and low, broke upon Berthalde's
ear.

"What would you have me say, Lisa? I am
weary of complaining. You grow more
careless every day. Your singing now is worse
than it was six months ago."

"Maestro, I do not think it's possible to
please you now," said the girl, half angrily,
half carelessly. "I'm sure I do the best I
can, and I suppose my voice is as good as it
used to be."

"Your voice is the finest in the choir;
but—"

"My dear Master, then what is the use of

scoolding me?" Lisa exclaimed with real de-
light.

"But," he went on quietly, without heed-
ing her, "you have no love for music—no true
feeling for what you sing—no perseverance in
study."

"Then what is the use of my coming here
any longer?" the girl asked with suppressed
irritation.

Without answering her, the Master turned
to the other girl.

"Margaret, you did well to-day, very well.
Go on as steadily as you are doing now, and
you will find that your reward will come. On-
ly have courage, perseverance and patience."

"Courage!" Margaret answered a little
sadly. "Ah, I sometimes want courage. I
sometimes almost lose heart. If I had but
more voice! There is so much that I can never
sing. If I only had Lisa's voice!"

There was a moment's pause; then the first
girl said, more humbly than she had spoken
yet, "Master, what can I do? I am sure I
want to sing well."

"You want to sing well?" he repeated.—
"Why, Lisa?"

"Why?" she answered. "Surely every
body thinks it's more pleasant to be admired
than—to be blamed."

"So you wish to sing well to be admired?
Exactly. I understand you perfectly," he an-
swered dryly. "And you, Margaret, is it al-
so to be admired that you work so hard, and
study so perseveringly?"

She answered "No," in a low voice, ear-
nestly and almost humbly. Berthalde felt that
it came from her heart, and in her own heart
the blind girl echoed it.

The Master said abruptly, after a pause,
"It is getting late. I will not detain you any
longer. Good morning," and leaving them he
went away, they following.

When they were gone, a sudden change had
come upon Berthalde. A bright light was in
her sightless eyes. She whispered tremblingly,
almost like one in fear,
"Oh, if there was any way, any hope—if I
knew what to do—if I could speak to him and
tell him—"

She paused a moment, and pressed
her face upon her hands; then bursting into
tears, she cried almost aloud, "Oh, if he
would teach me, if he would let me learn of
him, if he would let me be a singer!" and fall-
ing on her knees again, she broke into a pas-
sionate, imploring prayer, sobbing and trem-
bling as if her very life depended on his being
heard.

For a long time she knelt, not praying al-
ways, but feverishly. Yet with intense de-
light and eagerness, building bright castles in
the air, confusing herself with multitudes of
thoughts that poured in on her; bright, hap-
py thoughts for the most part, though now
and then some sudden fear would come, mak-
ing her heart grow sick, lest all that she was
hoping now should never be to her anything
but a dream. Then she prayed again until the
fever began to fade away, and she would grow
bewildered with her happiness once more.—
Now that she was so full of it, it seemed so
strange to her that never, in all her sorrow,
and with all her passionate love of music, she
should have remembered that it was possible
for her as a singer to gain her bread, and grow
so happy; or so happy, that it scarcely seem-
ed to her that there could be in all the world
anything more that she could wish for.

Patient, cheerful, full of hope, day after day,
found Berthalde at her old place at the church,
waiting, with a firm purpose, though a trem-
bling heart, to hear the Kapell-meister's step;
but day after day too saw her turn away in
disappointment; for in vain she waited, in vain
she strained her ears to catch a sound of the
well-remembered voice, in vain she listened to
each solitary footstep, believing that she could
at once distinguish his from any other—he
never came again. And after a time she be-
gan to fear that there must be a private en-
trance to the choir through which he came and
went, and that she might wait for months here
in the chancel and never see him; and then
what to do she knew not, for she shrank from
telling any one her secret, and she could not
hope to find her way alone to a strange place.

And presently, by degrees, her heart began to
sink, her whole project began to appear to her
wild and unattainable, and at last one day she
turned from the church so weary of hoping in
vain, so sad and out of spirits, that she could
scarcely keep her tears from falling as she went
away.

The church was near to where she lived, so
near that—blind though she was—neither her
father nor her mother ever objected to her go-
ing to it alone, or feared that she should miss
her way. Nor was it likely, for she had gone
daily there for many years, and no accident of
any kind had ever happened to her; but on
this day, as she was sorrowfully making her
way home, less careful perhaps than usual to
keep out of the way of the passers-by, almost
at the church door she tripped over some-
thing that lay across the path and fell down
heavily. But almost in the instant that she
fell, a voice close to her broke upon her ear—
a voice that as if by magic made her forget
the pain that she was suffering, for it was the
long watched for voice of the Kapell-meister.

"My child, take care! Why, where could
you be looking?" he exclaimed, and before
she could speak he had raised her from the
ground, and was half supporting her with his
arm.

"Looking wouldn't have done her much
good, poor thing," said a good-natured man
coming out of his shop close by. "Do you
know her? She is the little blind girl, Ber-
thalde Reimer!"

"Why, my child, you have really hurt your-
self; your hand is bleeding; let's wrap my
handkerchief round it," and while Berthalde
stood trembling by him, he gently bound up
her injured hand, talking to her kindly while
he did it.

"I think, sir, she's a little faint—the poor

thing looks so pale," the shopman said. "Let
her come into my shop and rest herself before
she goes home."

"No, no, no!" Berthalde broke in. "I
would rather go into the church again. I
wanted to speak. I wanted, if he would be
so kind, I mean—oh, sir, I think I can walk;"
she suddenly exclaimed; but, not heeding her
remonstrance, the Kapell-meister lifted her up
in his arms, for she was very little, and carried
her within the church again, and laid her
down upon a bench.

"Oh, sir, you are very good," she whis-
pered, her voice quite shaking now with agita-
tion, and nervously half unconsciously raising
herself up from the position in which he had
placed her. "And, if you please, sir—if you
would just let me say something to you that
I've wanted so much to say, and not be offend-
ed—not, I mean—not think—"

"You have something to say to me?" the
Kapell-meister asked. "My child, how do
you know who I am?"

"She said quickly, 'I heard you speak, one
day. You are the Kapell-meister.'"

"You are right. But what can you have to
say to me?"

He paused a moment, but there was no an-
swer; and then, looking at her, in a gentle,
pitying tone, he added,
"My child, you are frightened. Wait then
a minute before you speak. Now, what is it?
Tell me frankly. Is it anything I can do for
you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, though al-
most below her breath. "You can do more
for me than anybody in the world! Oh, sir,
I have been waiting here every day to see you,
that I might be able to tell you what I want,
and yet now I am afraid to say it."

"My poor girl, if it be in my power to do
what you want, I will do it," the master said.
"Tell me now what it is?"

With drooped eyes, and hands pressed to-
gether, she said simply, in a very low voice,
"I want to learn to sing in the choir," and
waited calmly, but pale even to her lips, to re-
ceive his answer.

The Kapell-meister shook his head.
"What put this into your mind? Who told
you you could be a singer?"

"No one," she answered faintly.

"You thought it of yourself?"

"I thought it after I had heard you speak
one day. I never thought it until then; but
I have come here to listen every day for so
many years, and the music has always seemed
so beautiful to me!"

The Kapell-meister laid his hand upon her
head, and said, in a voice so gentle, almost so
tender, that it made the tears spring to her
eyes.

"My child! I think you have forgotten one
obstacle; you have forgotten that you are
blind."

"No, no!" she eagerly exclaimed: "I
have not forgotten it. I know that I can only
learn by remembering what I hear; I know
that you cannot give lessons to me as you
would do to others. I do not ask that you
should trouble yourself with me so much; I
only want to come where I can hear you
teach; then you would hear me sing, and tell
me when I am wrong, and what to do." And
in anxious inquiry she again looked up into his
face.

"You are very young," he began, after a
little pause.

"I am thirteen, sir," she said quickly; "but
I am very little," she added humbly.

"Yes—but your name, tell me again."
"Berthalde Reimer."
"Berthalde, would it make you happy if I
gave you your wish?"

The look that sprang into her face answered
him without words.

"Yes, I see it would. And is it your love
of music only that makes you wish to be a
singer?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then the
color mounted to her cheek, and she whis-
pered,

"No."
"Tell me what other reason you have?"

She wept as she said, "We are so poor at
home, and there is nothing I can do to help
them. Oh, sir, do not be angry with me!"
and half shrinking back she hid her face upon
her hands.

"Angry, my child!" was all that the Mas-
ter said, but the tone thrilled to Berthalde's
heart; and, as he laid his hand upon her head
again, she felt such a wild rush of gratitude
towards him that she could have fallen down
and kissed his feet.

She told him all that was in her heart, all
her sorrows and her hopes, pouring everything
out to him amidst her tears, forgetting all her
former fear of him in the kind sympathy with
which he listened to her. And when it was
all spoken, and, half sobbing, still she stood
beside him, he took her hand in his, and gen-
tly said,

"Wait for me here to-morrow. You are
too agitated now to let me hear your voice;
but to-morrow you shall come with me to the
choir. And this at least I promise you now,
my child, that you shall have free leave to join
the rest of the singers when we meet togeth-
er. Now dry your eyes, and come with me;
but are you able to walk? We have forgot-
ten all about your fall!"

"So have I, sir," she answered simply. "I
can feel nothing now but joy."
"Give me your hand, then."

And they walked together to the door, and
there parted.

On the following day, when the mass was
over, the Kapell-meister came to seek Ber-
thalde; and speaking to her cheerfully and kin-
dly, led her, trembling, half with joy and half
with fear, up to the organ loft. The singers
were all gone save Margaret; she, by the
Master's request, had remained behind, and

to her he spoke, as with Berthalde he entered
the choir.

"This is my little friend, Margaret, of
whom I told you. I give her into your charge
to teach her the way there; she will not be
long in learning it, and you will take good care
of her, I know, until she does."

And while he spoke, Berthalde felt her
hand taken in another soft, warm hand, and a
few gentle words were whispered into her ear.
And then the two girls stood together, hand
in hand; and when, without another word,
the Master took his seat before the organ, a
long not low strain pealed through the church.

"Come here, Berthalde,"
"Come here, Margaret, and stood
beside him."

"Listen to what Margaret sings."

In her clear, sweet voice Margaret sang a
simple exercise.

"Now, my child."

Berthalde's first notes were low, feeble and
broken; for every nerve within her trembled.
"Join with her, Margaret!" And, shield-
ed by Margaret's firm strong tones, Berthal-
de's voice gained strength; her fear began to
pass away; a strange, deep joy filled her
heart; and her voice arose more clear, more
full, more rich, with every phrase; mingling
with the deep, grand tones of the swelling or-
gan; and, with it, awakening the echoes of the
dark old church.

The music died away under the Kapell-
meister's hand, and he turned to her.

"My child, you did well to speak to me,"
was all he said.

Margaret, bending down, whispered, "Have
care," dear, and for a moment her lips rest-
ed on Berthalde's